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The Loves of Mars and Venus - Vol. 236.

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The Anatomiſt:

OR,

The Sham Doctor.

Written by Mr. *Ravenſcroft.*

WITH

The LOVES OF

Mars and Venus.

A Play Set to MUSIC.

Written by Mr. *Motteux.*

As they are Acted together at the New Theatre, in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be Sold by *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick lane.* 1697.

TO

Thomas Ravenſcroft, Eſq;

Late High Sheriff of *Flintſhire.*

SIR,

THo the Stars are plac'd at ſo great a diſtance from us, yet we behold their Light; and thoſe that ſhine moſt bright are moſt admir'd. So Merit and Virtue dart their Influence from afar: You ſeem one of the firſt Magnitude. *Shrewsbury* is the Orb in which you are fixt; yet tho your Perſon is circumſcrib'd there, your Virtues are diffuſive thro all Counties: There they enjoy your Perſon, and here we admire your Virtues. Fame repreſents you to us ſo qualify'd with all the Ornaments of a Gentleman, that you ſeem a new addition of Honour to your Family, and rather give Credit to the Name, than receive a Luſtre from it: And yet it is ſo Ancient, that when *William* the Conqueror came into *England*, one of his Nobles Marry'd a *Ravenſcroft:* He Marry'd, 'tis ſaid, (*Ex perantiquiſſima Ravenſcroftorum Familia*) out of the moſt, or very ancient Family of the *Ravenſcroft's*. From thence, Sir, you are deſcended. I boaſt the ſame; but wiſh I cou'd boaſt the ſame Virtues too, that make you Eminent, and a Glory to the Name, your prudent government of your ſelf, your Generoſity,

roſity, your Bounty, your Affability, and above all, your Principles of Honour and Loyalty. Intereſt ſways you not, nor gives a Byas to your Actions: They all aim at Virtue, and there you nobly win the Game. Diſtreſs makes you not ſlight your Friend nor ſwerve from being Juſt.

But while I am ſpeaking truth of you, I may ſeem to flatter my ſelf, that bear your Name; therefore I will not proceed to enumerate your Praiſes, leſt it ſhould be thought I arrogate to my ſelf.

This humble piece, which I dedicate to you, is the moſt trivial of any that have paſt my hands: Yet it has ſtood the Teſt of the Stage, with great ſucceſs: But now it launches into the world in Print, it wants the ſupport of ſome eminent perſon to protect it. Therefore, Sir, I prefix your name, to be its Refuge and Defence. If your Candour will pardon its faults and imperfections, the world will then by your example favourably receive and cheriſh it, if not for its own merits, at leaſt for yours, which command all Tongues to praiſe you, and all, Hearts to Love you. With this, I dedicate and devote my ſelf to your Friendſhip and Service, hoping that a future Intimacy and farther Acquaintance, may eſtabliſh me in your favour, and give me better opportunities to ſhow how much, and how entirely I eſteem a perſon of your Worth and Character.

SIR,

Your Admirer, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

Edward Ravenſcroft.

Prologue to Her Royal Highneſs.

Spoken by Mrs. *Barry*. Written by Mr. *Motteux*.

More bleſt than Day, be this auſpicious Night!
When with Your Preſence we indulge our Sight.
Our ſolitary Stage no longer grieves:
The Sight of Princes ſtill from Fate reprieves.
So, when the glorious Ev'ning-Star does riſe,
Her glitt'ring Train attends, and fills the circling Skies.
Thus we at need on Heav'n and You depend:
Our Wiſhes riſe, and the kind Beams deſcend.
Oh! that we here cou'd oft'ner thus be bleſt!
But mighty Joys too ſeldom are poſſeſt.
With gloomy Looks we did your Abſence mourn,
And only liv'd in hopes of your Return.
In pity grant our Sports one kindly Ray!
We by your Preſence live, and by your Smiles the Play.
This fears no Cenſure; for, while you're in View,
What can Spectators ſee or like but You?
Seem but to like, and their Applauſe we'll boaſt,
For ſure to ſee You pleas'd is what will pleaſe them moſt.

Prologue ſpoken by Mr. Betterton.

Written by Mr *Motteux.*

To day expect no Pageant Decoration,
This Lord May'rs Show began the Reformation:
Yet is our Entertainment odd and new;
We've in our Show the Firſt of Cuckolds too:
And what we call a Maſque ſome will allow
To be an Op'ra, as the World goes now.
So is your poyſoning Quack miſcall'd a Doctor,
And your worſt Mimick calls himſelf an Actor.
So your dull Scribbler (to our Coſt we know it)
Writes a damn'd Play, and is miſnam'd a Poet.
Once Song and Dance cou'd buoy up want of Thinking,
But now thoſe Bladders can't prevent its Sinking:
Plays grow ſo heavy, that thoſe helps are vain;
Three times they ſink, and never riſe again.
Well, if our Neighbours the Precedence claim,
For good dull Stuff we'll not diſpute with them.
Our Medley is perhaps as much too light,
But let it paſs——We don't take Money yet by weight.
By Sympathy, 't ſhou'd pleaſe the Beaux, I know,
For in all things an Op'ra's like a Beau.
Both Beau and Op'ra on the Stage are ſeen;
Both odd in Dreſs, and ſhifting ſtill the Scene;
Each dances, ſings, and moves like a Machine.
To be admir'd, 'tis at a vaſt Expence;
It loves ſoft words, but cares not much for ſence;
For by its Nature 'twas deſign'd for ſhow;
Why, 'tis an Op'ra but to dreſs a Beau.
But one unlucky difference ſtands between;
Op'ra's are paid, but Beaux pay to be ſeen,
(Thoſe who don't come too ſharp an Act I mean.)
For your own ſakes, we beg Applauſe of you;
Since 'twill revenge you on the Scribbling Crew.
For, if this takes, ſtrait cry's each ſenceleſs Elf,
Dem-me, I'd write as well as this my ſelf.
With that, he writes a thing, which we refuſe,
Then, wondring how we durſt affront his Muſe,
Strait in a huff he gives it t' other Houſe;
Who either ſlight it, or 'twill be its Lot
To get as much as their laſt Op'ra got,

Epi

Epilogue ſpoken by Mr. *Bowen.*

Written by Mr *Motteux.*

GOod People! ſave the Body of our Play,
From thoſe who to diſſect it Yonder ſtay,
Like Surgeons on an Execution day.
Ev'n e're it dyes they'll mawl it, I'm afraid;
And you'd think't hard, like me, in ſuch a dread,
To be diſſected, e're you're hang'd, and dead.
The fear of this our trembling Scribbler's kills;
I dare ſay they've no need to take my Pills.
Pray ſpare 'em: Learn of Vulcan to forgive;
Or elſe, egad, few Plays or Wives will live.
Ev'n he, methinks, too late his wrath did ſmother,
Here, Wives and Husbands keep not ſuch a pother,
But fairly ſtrive to out-Cuckold one another.
Why, ſhou'd all dye that follow th' Occupation,
Oonds! 'twere the way to cut off half the Nation.
Beſides, Horns are not ſeen; ſhou'd they appear,
Gadſooks, yon Place wou'd ev'n outhorn Horn-Fair.
You'd ſee your Surly Dons toſs their Bull's Feathers,
And your tame poor Contented bleat like Weathers.
Lewd rakiſh Husbands butt with Goatiſh Horns,
And half-made Cuckolds with an Unicorn's.
Now as all have to Cuckoldry a Call,
So will the Curſe of ſcribling on you fall;
'E gad theſe Times make Poets of us all.
Then do not damn your Brothers of the quill;
To be reveng'd, there's hope you'll write as ill.
For nere were ſeen more Scribes, yet leſs good writing,
As there nere were more Soldiers, yet leſs Fighting.
Both can do nothing if they want ſupplies.
Then aid us; and our League its neighbouring Foes defies;
Tho they brib'd lately one of our Allies.
Sure you'd not have us, for want of due pittance,
Like Nicompoops ſneak to them for admittance.
No; propt by you our fears and dangers ceaſe,
Here firm, tho Wealth decay, and Foes increaſe,
We'll bravely tug for Liberty and Peace.

The

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Old Mr *Gerald*,	Mr *Bright*
Young Mr *Gerald*,	Mr *Hodgſon*
The Doctor,	Mr *Underhill*
Wife to the Doctor,	Mrs *Leigh*
Mrs *Angelica*, their Daughter,	Mrs *Bowman*
Beatrice, the Maid,	Mrs *Lawſon*
Martin, Servant to Old *Gerald*,	Mr *T. Harris*
Criſpin, the Sham Doctor, Servant to Young *Gerald*,	Mr *Bowen*
Symon, a Country fellow,	Mr *Trout*
Waiting-woman,	Mrs *Robinſon*

ACT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter before the Curtain, Angelica, Beatrice.

Ang. IS my Mother ready, is ſhe coming to hear the Muſick?

Beat. Yes Madam, and is extreamly pleas'd; ſhe loves Muſick wonderfully.

Ang. So do I *Beatrice*; we are much beholden to my ſinging Maſter.

Beat. Yes Madam! But you are more beholden to your Lover, young Mr. *Gerald.*

Ang. How ſo!

Beat. You know he has left the Univerſity for your ſake, and has been this month in Town, waiting opportunities to ſee you: He brought with him ſome words of his own compoſing to entertain you, they are ſet by your own Maſter: By this means he hopes to get admittance to diſcourſe you, and breath his Love Ejaculations in your Ear.

Ang. How can that be? He is known both by my Father and Mother.

Beat. No matter for that; he is in diſguiſe, and ſits amongſt the Inſtrumental Muſick as one of them.

Ang. How ſhall I know him?

Beat. By his Eye, as you do a Pheaſant, he'll be looking on you all the while.

Ang. But how will he come to ſpeak to me?

Beat. Truſt that to chance, at leaſt it will be a pleaſure to ſee one another: It is a delight to Lovers to ſteal looks, tho it be at Church.

Ang. Sure Love and Devotion are near a kin, they are each bred in the Soul, and Muſick is the food of both.

Beat. Here comes your Father and Mother.

Enter Doctor and Wife.

Wife. Come Husband, ſtay and hear the Muſick, my Daughter's Maſter will take it ill elſe, it was provided for

the Play-houſe, and he has brought 'em all here to practice it over in form: You'll have time enough to viſit your Patients.

Doct. Let 'em begin preſently then, for time is precious to men of buſineſs.

Wife. The Muſick ſtrikes up already. Sit down, Husband, Daughter, and *Beatrice*, take you your places over againſt us.

They all ſit down, and the firſt Muſical Entertainment begins. After that they riſe and ſpeak.

Doct. Well, now my time is out, I muſt be gone.

Wife. This is not all: This is but the Prologue to what follows; you muſt hear the reſt.

Doct. I muſt go viſit a Nobleman that is my Patient juſt now, but Il'e return anon: In the mean time take all the performers in to Breakfaſt, and treat 'em with ſome bottles of Wine.

Wife. By that time you'll come again.

Doct. Ay, my dear Wife, farewel. *Doct. Exit.*

Wife. Gentlemen, pray all walk into the next Room, and take part of a ſmall Entertainment. Come Daughter.

Exeunt Wife, Ang. and Performers.

Enter Criſpin.

Criſp. Beatrice, tell Mrs. *Angelica* my Maſter wou'd fain come too, but dares not, for fear he ſhould be known to be in Town, Beſides, he and I have ſome buſineſs, but we'll be here again anon.

Beat. Well, well, get you gone *Criſpin.* I am call'd.

Exeunt ſeverally.

SCENE II.

Enter Old Gerald, and Martin.

Mar. You are reſolv'd Sir, to Marry you ſay?

O. Ger. I am; and to that end, I have ſent my Son to the Univerſity, to mind his Study, and be out of the way.

Mar. May I, Sir, be ſo bold, to ask the Ladies name, you intend to make your Wife?

O. Ger. Madam *Angelica* the Doctor's Daughter.

Mar.

Mar. Sure, Sir, you're not in earneſt, ſhe's not above fifteen; that Match Sir, would be fitter for your Son

O. Ger. My Son? I don't intend that he ſhall Marry yet, theſe ſeven years.

Mar. But Sir, conſider well before you Marry.

O. Ger. I have thought enough, ſhe's handſome, young, and ſprightly.

Mar. But theſe are qualities will not agree with an old mans conſtitution.

O. Ger. Old Coxcomb: I an't ſo old.

Mar. No Sir, if you had been contemporary with the Patriarchs, you had been counted now a very youth, but in this ſhort-liv'd age we live in, Sir, you are, as one may ſay, worn to the ſtumps.

O. Ger. Hold your prating; Threeſcore is mans ripe Age.

Mar. Yes, and his rotten Age too; but you, if I miſtake not, are threeſcore and ten.

O. Ger. No more of Age: 'Tis a thing never to be inquired into, but when you are buying Horſes.

Mar. How? Not in Marriage Sir.

O. Ger. Not if a man be very rich.

Mar. Can you believe Sir, the old Doctor her Father, and the Gentlewoman her Mother, who is a notable wiſe governing Woman, will bellow their Daughter, and their only Heir, upon a man ſo old, where there's no hopes of Grand Children to inherit what they have, without an Act of Parliament to enable him.

O. Ger. Hold your tongue I ſay; you are my Servant, not my Councellor I take it Sir; this is my own concern; when I am Married, I doubt not but I ſhall behave my ſelf, as a married man ought.

Mar. But if the Doctor won't conſent to it.

O. Ger. That I am ſure of, he has promis'd me, and he's a man of his word.

Mar. That indeed is ſomething: but Sir, you know the Wife there wears the Breeches; and if the grey Mare be the better Horſe, you'll find it difficult to beſtride the Filly.

O. Ger. I know ſhe is a little domineering; and I know too that Mr. Doctor is a Wiſe Man; his gravity and prudence, will manage her well enough; he who can curmad folks, ſcorns to be Wife-ridden.

Mar. e

Mar. Many have try'd in vain; a man ſometimes may ſooner break his own heart, than his Wife's will. But ſee Sir, here's the Doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Mr. *Gerald*, good morrow to you Sir.

O. Ger. Mr. Doctor, I was coming to ſpeak to you.

Doct. Come; let me feel your pulſe.

O. Ger. It needs not Sir.

Doct. T'other hand.

O. Ger. That's not my buſineſs.

Doct. No, but 'tis mine, your Pulſe Sir is diſordered.

O. Ger. You miſtake me, my ——

Doct. Put out your tongue, your tongue.

O. Ger. No matter for my tongue.

Doct. Do you ſleep well?

O. Ger. Yes, very well. But Sir——

Doct. How is your Stomach? have you a good Appetite.

O. Ger. Yes Mr. Doctor, but I come ——

Doct. And do you diſgeſt well what you eat?

O. Ger. Yes very well, but will you hear me Sir?

Doct. And all thoſe other benefits of nature.

O. Ger. I have 'em regularly. But Mr. Doctor —

Doct. Nay if you eat well, drink well, ſleep well, digeſt well, and after all this ſhould not be well, it would be wonderful. But I loſe time, I muſt viſit my other Patients. Your Servant Sir.

O. Ger. Stay, good Sir, ſtay, I have had patience to hear you talk, and to no purpoſe neither; now 'tis my turn to ſpeak, and to ſome purpoſe.

Doct. Diſpatch then; I'm in haſte.

O. Ger. 'Tis not about my health I came to you, no 'tis another affair.

Doct. What affair?

O. Ger. That, that you know of.

Doct. What I ſay?

O. Ger. The buſineſs that I ſpoke of.

Doct. When?

O. Ger. When? more than once.

Doct. Where?

O. Ger. At ſeveral places; at your houſe and mine.

Doct. What was it then?

O. Ger.

O. Ger. About your Daughter.

Doct. What about my Daughter?

O. Ger. About my marrying her.

Doct. O, was it nothing elſe? I thought 't had been ſomething of conſequence. As to that matter I have given my promiſe; chuſe your own time, Marry her when you pleaſe.

O. Ger. And have you broke it to your Wife?

Doct. No, but my will is hers, ſhe ſubmits to what I think fit. I am and will be maſter. I thank Heaven, I have diſcretion, and can rule a Wife, as a wiſe Husband ought.

O. Ger. I doubt it not.

Doct. If once my Wife ſhould contradict my will, ſhe ſhould ſoon find what metal I am made of. I thank my Stars we have no domeſtick broyls, my Wife ſubmits to me in all things.

O. Ger. If you think fit then, let's acquaint her with it, 'tis a formality all Mothers may expect.

Doct. You ſay well; ſtay here, I'le call her! *Ex. D.*

O. Ger. Well *Martin*, what ſay you now?

Mar. I ſee the Doctor is your friend; ſo far all's well; but mark the end I ſay ſtill.

Re-enter Doctor and Wife.

Doct. My deareſt, here's our good friend Mr. *Gerald* come purpoſely to ſee you.

Wife. Sir, you Servant. Tho my Husband's a Phyſitian, I am glad to ſee you're in good health.

O. Ger. Speak to her Mr. Doctor, tell her the buſineſs.

Doct. Do you ſpeak firſt.

O. Ger. 'Tis properer for you.

Doct. No, no, you'll explain your ſelf much better. Lovers are eloquent.

O. Ger. But you have the Authority of a Husband, and may without ceremony open the matter to her.

Doct. No, you muſt break the Ice, you ſhall ſee my power if ſhe reſiſts.

Wife. Pray Gentlemen, what's this conteſt about, and why was I call'd hither?

O. Ger. A fooliſh punctilio of honor; and ſomething Mr. Doctor has to acquaint you with.

Doll. Our kind friend, Mr. *Gerald* ~~here~~, has a mind to marry our Daughter, Love.

O. Ger. Yes Madam; and upon ſuch terms as few Parents are diſpleas'd with. You may ſcruple my age, but when you know, I will take her without a Portion, and mean to ſettle a good joynture on her, allow her handſomely for Pin-Money, keep her a Coach, a Chariot, and two Footmen; and give her every New-years-day, a hundred Guineas in an Embroidered Purſe, to fool away; I hope, that ſcruple will be remov'd. Beſides, Mr. Doctor has given his conſent already, and I doubt not, but yours will come as eaſily.

Wife. Hold there, good Mr. *Gerald*; theſe things require conſideration; your Ages are moſt unſutable. Many young Women have been ruin'd by ſuch unequal Matches. Youth and Age cannot agree: An old Man may be fond of a young Woman, but a young Woman of an old Man never. But to avoid all inconveniencies, and fatal accidents, that may happen to our Family, by ſuch a diſproportion'd Marriage, I muſt tell you plainly, you ſhan't have my conſent; and I hope you will not take it ill of me.

O. G. But your Husband, Madam, has given me his word.

Wife. What if he has? He gave it then without conſideration. When he comes to weigh all circumſtances as he ought, he muſt, and will be of my mind too.

O. G. Speak Mr Doctor, did not you abſolutely promiſe me?

Wife. He who indiſcreetly promiſes, may with good reaſon call it back. He did it without my knowledge or conſent; therefore 't was but a half promiſe, Sir.

O. Ger. But, Mr Dr, a Man of Honour ought to keep his word, and ſtand to what he ſays. Speak then, have you not promiſed me your Daughter?

Dr. 'Tis true, I cannot deny it.

Wife. How! can you not? we'll talk of that hereafter. Well Mr *Gerald*, promiſe, or not promiſe, all's one for that, I deny my conſent, and that's enough.

Dr. But Wife, dear Wife——

Wife. Wife me no Wife's, but hold your fooliſh prating; ſure I know better than you what's fitting for our Daughter.

Dr.

Dr. But my dear, we ought ——

Wife. I know we ought to be wiſer than to make fooliſh promiſes; or if you were ſo childiſh not to keep 'em. Come Mr *Gerald*, ſet your Heart at reſt, you ſhall never marry my Daughter; there's my reſolution. I will not be the jeſt of the whole Town. Who would not ſplit their ſides to hear a couple of old fools call one another, Father and Son? away, away for ſhame. [*Ex. Wife.*

Mar. Sir, Sir, Mr Dr.

Dr. Well, what ſay you?

Mar. If once my Wife ſhould contradict my will! She ſhould ſoon find what metal I am made of. I thank my Stars we have no domeſtick broyls, my Wife ſubmits to me in all things.

O. Ger. Martin ſays true; this leſſon you read to us, before you call'd your Wife, good Mr Doctor.

Dr. 'Tis very true; and 'tis as true, this was no proper place to ſhew my authority; our Paſſion muſt be govern'd by our Reaſon; my Moderation muſt cool her Intemperance: Had I preſently flown to the top o'th' houſe, we had made fine work on't: I'll take a more convenient opportunity to diſcourſe this matter with her; in the mean time, leave it to me: I have given my word, and I will—I will—come truſt to me: I warrant you.

Mar. Yes Sir, leave it to Mr. Doctor, he'll do wonders; he is a Lyon in private, but you ſaw he was a Lamb in publick: But I fear you had better take the Wife's word, than the Husband's, 'tis plain ſhe rules the Roaſt.

Dr. You are a fool, and know not what you ſay.

Mar. But I know, Sir, you had a furious repulſe at the Half-Moon, you were beaten out of your Trenches too; you'll have no better luck at the Conterſcarp: If you dare venture to ſtorm, I fear you will be beaten off, with ſuch a ſhameful loſs, you will be forc'd to raiſe the Siege, and glad you ſcape unwounded.

Dr. Hold your tongue, you are a ſawcy Knave.

Mar. I have done; I won't diſpute Titles with Mr Doctor.

Dr. Well Mr *Gerald*, once more leave all to me: I tell you I will do it; that's ſufficient. *Exit Dr.*

Mar. Now, Sir, have you the ſame hopes you had of Marrying Mrs. *Angelica*? You ſee her Mother's an imperious Woman, and will never give her conſent to it: The Doctor

Doctor I confeſs is an able Phyſician, an excellent man in his way, but yet he has the fortune to be Hen-peck'd, and muſt ſubmit, as many wiſe and learned men have done; therefore you muſt not build upon his promiſes: Beſides, I do not find you have got the Daughter's conſent yet; and that's the main point of all.

O. Ger. You ſay true, *Martin*; I muſt think of that. Stay, is not that *Criſpin* yonder?

Enter Criſpin.

Criſ. O Sir, your Servant: I am glad I have found you. Good morrow *Martin.*

Mar. Good morrow *Criſpin.*

O. Ger. What cauſe brings you to Town?

Criſ. Your Son, my Maſter, ſent me in all haſte.

O. Ger. For what?

Criſ. That Letter will inform you.

O. Ger. reads. Honoured Father, Hoping you are in good health, as I am, thanks be to God, at the preſent writing hereof: This is to let you underſtand that all my Money's gone, and my Cloaths worn ſo bare, that you may, as the ſaying is, ſee my Breech thro my Pocket-holes.

Mar A fine Epiſtle.

O. Ger. This is not my Sons ſtile, nor is't his hand: This is ſome Roguery of yours Sirrah.

Criſp. To tell you the plain truth, Sir, I loſt I know not how, my Maſters Letter on the Road; and baiting at a little Village, it hapned to be the Sextons houſe, who ſold a Cup of notable good Ale: There I got him to write this Letter for me. I know my Maſter ſent for Money, and Cloaths, pray read the reſt.

O. Ger. No, I have read enough.

Mar. You dictated this Letter to the Sexton, *Criſpin.*

Criſp. I did ſo? what of that?

Mar. Nothing, but that the ſtile is very eloquent.

Criſp. I think ſo: I have not been at the Univerſity with my Maſter 4 months, for nothing.

O. G. Has my Son ſpent all his Money in ſo ſhort a time? he has been prodigal.

Criſ. He could not help it, he was forc'd to treat at his firſt coming, Sir: I ſhall be his Steward for the future, and manage matters better.

O. Ger. Look you do. I have ſome buſineſs now, about an hour hence come home to me. Follow me *Martin.*

[*Ex. O. Ger. and Mar.*

Criſ. So far all's well: If I can ſcrew a good ſumm out of him, I do my Maſters buſineſs; the old Gentleman muſt not know he is in Town, nor muſt my Maſter know I loſt his Letter. O, here he comes.

Enter Young Gerald.

Y. Ger. I ſent you with my Letter to my Father; why are you loytering here?

Criſ. 'Tis done, Sir.

Y. Ger. What is done, Sir?

Criſ. Your buſineſs, Sir, is done effectually: I met your Father here, juſt in this place; gave him your Letter; he read it o're and o're, and ſaid the ſtile was admirable; was overjoy'd to ſee how the Univerſity had improv'd you; then I made him an eloquent Oration, to let him ſee how I had profited: This melted his hard heart, made his old Eyes twinkle like flames in the bottom of two Sockets: At laſt he bid me come home to him ſome half an hour hence; by that time, Sir, the Money will be ready.

Y. Ger. Did he ask no queſtions? how I had ſpent my Money? what company I kept? or how I behav'd my ſelf in the Univerſity?

Criſ. He had no time for that; when I come home to him, perhaps he may.

Y. Ger. Be careful *Criſpin*; ſhould he ſuſpect——

Criſ. He ſhall pump nothing out of me, I warrant you.

Y. Ger. But *Martin* is a notable ſly youth.

Criſ. You think, becauſe I cannot write and read as he can, that I have leſs wit than *Martin*; I warrant you I'll be upon my Guard, I'll deal well enough with him. But now, Sir, let me queſtion you a little; how durſt you venture abroad by day light? Should your Father——

Y. Ger. I know it *Criſpin*, but as ſoon as you were gone, *Angelica* ſent her Maid to me, bid me meet her here; ſomething of conſequence has hapned to her, and I'm in pain to know the meaning of it. See, ſhe is here.

Enter Angelica.

Y. Ger. My dear *Angelica*!

Ang. Mr *Gerald*! I am glad my Maid found you, you have made haſte.

Y. Ger. Can you blame me for that? My love was too impatient to wait; I have a thouſand doubts and fears: why did you ſend for me? what has happen'd, Madam? tell me my *Angelica*, and eaſe my loaded heart.

Ang. I could not prevail upon my ſelf to ſtay till you came. O *Gerald!* 'twill ſurprize you when I tell you, your Father is in love.

Y. Ger. You mock me Madam.

Ang. No, 'tis too true; he has askt me of my Father and my Mother, offers to ſettle a large Joynture on me, and Marry me without a Portion too. Theſe are propoſals few Parents will refuſe.

Y. Ger. The Laws of Nature, tho not of Nations, forbid ſuch unequal Matches.

Ang. But Money, *Gerald*! what will not Money do?

Y. Ger. 'Tis true; for Money Mothers ſell their Daughters?

Ang. Yes, and for Money, moſt Daughters ſell themſelves.

Y. Ger. A Beau for money, will Marry an old wither'd Witch, with rotten Lungs, no Teeth, one Eye, and half a Noſe.

Ang. For Money, Soldiers ſell their lives.

Y. Ger. And Prieſts their conſciences.

——But my *Angelica*; your Father is a wiſe and learned Man, he is not mercenary, he won't ſell you.

Ang. You are miſtaken, Sir, he has given his promiſe to your Father.

Y. Ger. Then all my hope is vaniſh'd.

Ang. Not ſo; you have no reaſon to deſpair. You ſay my Father's wiſe, and learned too; now I ſay, my Mother has no learning, but more wiſedom, for ſhe has poſitively refuſed to give him her conſent.

Y. Ger. O you revive me! my drooping Soul drinks up your words, as the parch'd Earth does a refreſhing ſhower! what's to be done, *Criſpin?*

Ang. I told you my Mother lov'd Muſick moſt immoderately: She is much pleaſed with it. I will let her know that it was your contrivance, and acquaint her with our love, and try to make her of our party. Stay here abouts, if I ſucceed, *Beatrice* ſhall give you notice.

Y. Ger. Do, my dear Lov'd, *Angelica*: Good luck attend you? [*Ex. Ang.*

Criſ. Has the Devil Lechery got poſſeſſion of my old Maſter's head? I am ſure he left his Breeches long ago. Let me ſee; he has to my knowledge, been bewitch'd about ſome 15 years.

Y. Ger. This was the cauſe I was remov'd, and ſent to the Univerſity.

Criſ. He ſhall quickly find we loſt no time there; we have ſtudied hard, ſtudied Fortification, we can Entrench; if he can Mine, Sir, we can Countermine.

Y. Ger. Now go, fetch the money from my Father inſtantly, you ſhall find me hereabouts at your return [*Ex.*

Criſ. Well, of all your Father's follies, this is the worſt. When old men fall in Love, they're ſurely curſt.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Doctors Houſe.

Enter the Doctor's Wife, Angelica, and Beatrice.

Wife. Is the Room in order, *Beatrice*, for the Muſick to go on with the entertainment?

Bea. Yes, Madam.

Wife. 'Tis very well. Go ſee how long it will be to dinner.
Come, my *Angelica*, be free and merry,
Truſt to thy Mother's conduct, and her kindneſs;
Thy Father ſhall not ſell thee while I live.
While you remain obedient and diſcreet,
It ſhall be all the ſtudy of my life,
To make you happy, Child.

Ang. Oh my dear Mother!
Let me receive this bleſſing on my Knees.
If ever I am diſobedient to you?
Or e're abuſe this mighty goodneſs to you,
May I become the out-caſt of your Family;
Diſown'd by you, diſpis'd by all good Women,
And hated by young *Gerald*.

Enter Young Gerald.

Wife. Here he comes.
You're welcome, Sir; if mine is not ſufficient,
You ſhall have her welcome too,

And

And that, I hope will pleaſe you.

Y. G. Pleaſe me! I more
Than wealth to Miſers, freedom to a Slave,
Or a Reprieve to one condemn'd to die.

Ang. Oh, Mr *Gerald*!
I have the moſt indulgent Mother living.
Your Father's liberal offers to the Doctor
Cannot prevail on her.

Y. Ger. How ſhall I thank you, Madam, as I ought?
How pay the mighty debt due to you both?
Due to your wiſdom, and her matchleſs love?
If all the duty, the profound reſpect
That ever pious Son paid his own Mother
Can merit ſo much Happineſs, if deſerve it,
The buſineſs of my life ſhall be to pleaſe her.
My truth, my conſtancy, and perfect love,
No time ſhall alter, nor no chance remove.

Wife. Do this, my Son, and Heaven will bleſs you both.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. My Maſter, Madam, has ſent word, he can't be at home till dinner-time, but wou'd have you go on with the Muſick.

Wife. Then we'll looſe no more time; come let us ſeat our ſelves; I long to hear more.

Here comes in the ſecond Muſical Entertainment: After which they riſe and ſpeak.

Wife. We'll hear the reſt after Dinner.

Beat. Deſire the Gentlemen all to walk in.

Y. Ger. I muſt not be ſeen by your Husband; therefore I'll take my leave.

Wife. I know it, Mr *Gerald.* Your Servant Sir.

Ang. Sir your Servant.

Y. G. Adieu my Life, my Dear, *Angelica.* [*Ex*

Wife. Two things, and only two, *Angelica*; I always lov'd, and lov'd em paſſionately.

Ang. What were thoſe, Madam?

Wife. My Husband, and good Muſick:

Ang. And in that Madam, I follow your Example?

Wife. Yes Child, but take this rule along with you;
Diſcretion is a Womans ſafeſt guard.
She ſhuns Vain Glory, Malice, Striſe, and Pride,
When Reaſon and good Nature is her Guide.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Doctor.

Dr. BEatrice, I ſay; where are you?

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Here, Sir, here.

Dr. See all things are in order here in my Laboratory. Many Virtuoſi will be here, to ſee my curious Diſſection, and hear the lecture I intend to read on a dead Body, which every moment I expect to be ſent in from the place of Execution.

Beat. Why do you chooſe this back Apartment at the end of the Garden? You us'd to do it in the Great Hall formerly.

Dr. My Wife will have it ſo, and that's enough; the body may be brought in privately, at that back door, for ſo I order'd it: Beſides, the wrangling diſputations of ſelf-conceited, obſtinate Phyſicians, who come to ſee my operation, will at this diſtance leſs diſturb the Neighbourhood: they will maintain their notions with more noiſe, than Betters in a Cock-pit.

Beat. 'Tis obſerv'd you Doctors rarely agree in your opinions, Sir, which makes ſome affirm, Phyſick itſelf is a very uncertain Science.

Dr. That's true; but yet the fault's not in the Art.

Bea. It muſt be in the Profeſſors then.

Dr. And ſo it is; but this is not your buſineſs.

Bea. I only ſpeak my ſimple judgment Sir.

Dr. The Body will be here immediately: let 'em carry it into the Vault, 'tis cooler there: in the mean time I'll make ſome viſits to my Patients who are near. Ha! *Beatrice*, let me ſee, what have you there?

Bea. Where, Sir, What do you mean?

Dr. There, Sirrah, there. Let's ſee thoſe pretty Bubbies.

Bea. Fye Sir, you make me bluſh.

Dr. Faith I will ſee 'em; I and feel 'em too.

Bea. You old men have ſuch odd fancies in you.

Dr. I am a Cock o'th' Game, you little Rogue.

Bea. You ſtrut, and crow, and clap your Wings indeed, but all to little purpoſe.

Dr. Ah you unlucky Chitt! I cou'd, I cou'd ——

Bea. But you forget your Patients Sir.

Dr. That's true indeed: well when I come again. *Ex. Dr.*

Bea. I find all Husbands, old, and young, are ſtill for variety; which is a certain ſign of an ill ſtomach: well, if ever it be my fortune to Marry one who ſerves me ſo, I'll ſay no more, but that which is ſauce for a Gooſe, ſhall be ſauce for a Gander too. *Enter Criſpin.* *Criſpin!* What brings you hither now?

Criſ. I have been almoſt half an hour hankering about the back door: I ſaw the Doctor come forth juſt now, and then I ventur'd to ſlip in.

Bea. Secure that door then, while I faſten this; we will not be ſurpriz'd: now what's the buſineſs?

Criſ. My Maſter, poor man's at his wits end, he walks and ſtarts, then ſtops and muſes, then he walks again: What Madam *Angelica* told him about his Father has diſtracted him. I have a Letter for her.

Bea. Give it me.

Criſ. Stay *Beatrice*, let me look on you a little: what haſt thou been doing to thy ſelf? I never ſaw thee ſo handſome in my life.

Bea. Indeed?

Criſ. No indeed: thou haſt ſtoln ſome of thy Lady's Waſh; it can't be natural; come, let me try.

Bea. Stand off, you fool.

Criſ. Now I think on't, I have not had one kiſs ſince I came from the Univerſity.

Bea. Keep your diſtance, you had beſt: I will not make you ſo familiar with me.

Criſ. Say you ſo: Harkee, Gentlewoman, what made you here alone with Mr Doctor? This place is very private, at a convenient diſtance from the houſe too.

Bea. One who was hang'd this morning is to be Diſſected here: I muſt ſet every thing in order for it; the Body will be ſent in preſently.

Criſ. We have prepar'd another Entertainment for your Lady. Here, let me out quickly. *Knocking.*

Dr.

Dr. within. Open the door.

Bea. What ſhall I do? it is my Maſter.

Criſ. Let me out I ſay.

Bea. Here, come to the other door. *Knocking at the other door.*

Wife within. Where are you? *Beatrice?*

Bea. O Heaven! 'tis my Miſtreſs, ſhe's at the other door.

Criſ. The Devil ſhe is.

Bea. If ſhe were not there, I would let you down into the Vault.

Dr. within. Ho *Beatrice!* open the door I ſay.

Criſ. What will become of me?

Bea. Here, here, lay your ſelf at length upon this Table: I'll ſay you are the dead Body ſent from the Gallows.

Criſ. Oh *Beatrice* ——

Bea. No more; do as I bid you.

Criſpin *lies at his full length on the Table.* Beatrice *opens the door.* *Enter Doctor.*

Dr. You made me wait ſufficiently. I had forgot ſome Medicines I prepar'd; I muſt go up and fetch 'em. *Ex. Dr.*

Bea. Now I'll let in my Miſtreſs.

Enter Wife.

Wife. How were you employ'd, you could open the door no ſooner?

Bea. I was buſie in taking in this Executed Body, I made all the haſte I could. *Re-enter Doctor.*

Dr. How now, my deareſt Love, what make you here?

Wife. I came to ſee if all things were in order as they ſhould be.

Dr. 'Tis very well. Adieu, I am in haſte. *Exit Dr.*

Wife. Beatrice, ſet all his Inſtruments in order: my Daughter and I will make a viſit: I do not love ſuch ſights, they make me melancholy.

Bea. I'll be careful in your abſence. *Exit Wife.* Now, *Criſpins,* is my invention good? *Criſpin riſes.*

Criſ. You've brought me bravely off; but I'll be gone for fear of an after-clap.

Dr. within. Beatrice, Beatrice, open the door again. *Knocks.*

Bea. 'Tis my Maſter, to the ſame poſture quickly.

Criſ. The Devil take him. *Enter Doctor.*

Dr. I think I am bewitcht to day; I have taken the wrong Medicines. What's that there?

Bea. The Body from the Gallows, Sir; the fellows that brought it would not carry it into the Vault. *Dr.*

Dr. How came they to ſend him with his Cloaths on ?

Bea. They'll call for 'em to morrow.

Dr. 'Tis very well. Ha ! the Body's warm : I have a mind to make an experiment immediately. Go, *Beatrice*, fetch me my Inciſion Knives, Amputation Knife, Diſmembring Saw, with the Threads, Pins, and all the other Inſtruments I laid ready in my Cloſet.

Bea. But Sir, your Patients expect you now.

Dr. An hour or two hence will ſerve.

Bea. Should any of 'em dye in the mean time?

Dr. That's not my fault ; if any of 'em are in ſo much danger, my viſit will do 'em no good now.

Bea. I have heard you ſay, Sir, a proper doſe given at a lucky time — —

Dr. Go, bring me only my Inciſion Knife; for while the natural heat remains,I ſhall more eaſily come at the Lacteal Veins, which convey the Chyle to the Heart, for Sanguification, or encreaſe of Blood.

Bea. But, Sir, you won't begin the Anatomy before the Doctors come.

Dr. Fetch it, I ſay.

Bea. Well Sir, ſince I muſt. *Exit* Bea.

Dr. He's not ill ſhap'd, nor is he very ill featur'd ; and yet his viſage ſtill retains much diſcontent and trouble. Well, all the Rules of Metopoſcopy and Phyſiognomy are falſe, if this was not a Rogue that very well deſerv'd hanging. This Inciſion pleaſes me extremely ; I'll open his Belly from the *Xiphoid Cartilage*, quite along to the *Os Pubis*. I feel his Heart pant yet : If any of my fellow Phyſicians were here now, eſpecially thoſe who doubt the *Harveyan* Doctrine, I'd let 'em plainly ſee the Circulation of the Blood thro the *Syſtole* and *Diaſtole*.

Enter Surgeon.

Sur. O Doctor! I am glad I have found you: My Lord is much worſe ſince yeſterday ; you muſt viſit him immediately.

Dr. I'll come anon ; I am very buſie now.

Sur. My Lord s ſo very ill, you muſt go with all ſpeed to him.

Dr. Go you before I ſay, and let him blood, I'll be with him in an hour.

Sur. Sure Bleeding can't be proper in his circumſtances.

Dr.

Dr. I ſay let him blood: Sure I know what I do.

Sur. His caſe is alter'd much, Sir, ſince you ſaw him.

Dr. Once more, I ſay, go bleed him.

Sur. But Sir——

Dr. Bleed him, I ſay: 'Tis fine indeed when Surgeons ſhall teach Phyſicians.

Sur. I will not Bleed him, I am ſure it will be his death: Let who will do it for me; and ſo farewel. *Exit Sur.*

Dr. Farewel, Sir, if you won't, another ſhall.

Enter Beatrice, *who was liſtning.*

Bea. I have been looking all about Sir, and cannot find your Inciſion Knife: Beſides, Sir, a fine Lady call'd at the door juſt now, in a great Gilt Coach, and charg'd me to ſend you to my Lord's immediately.

Dr. Ha!

Bea. In haſte Sir, in all haſte.

Dr. Sayſt thou——

Bea. He's dying Sir, he's dying.

Dr. What ſhou'd I go for then?——

Bea. You muſt go Sir, you ſhall go—you are ſent for.

Dr. The Devil's in the Wench—— *She turns him round.*

Bea. They are in haſte, in haſte Sir.

Dr. Well I go then: Let the Body be carry'd into the Vault.

Bea. It ſhall, Sir; but loſe no more time: be gone. So, joy go with you. *She turns him out.*

Criſ. And I, without more words, will be gone preſently.

Bea. Whither in ſuch haſte?

Criſ. Whither, with a vengeance! Let me out I ſay: you muſt fetch the Inciſion Knife, with a pox t'ye, and all the other damnable Inſtruments, to rip me up alive, and make minc'd meat of me! A curſe on his *Syſtol* and *Dyaſtole.*

Bea. You are miſtaken, *Criſpin:* when I went out I did not go to fetch the Inſtruments, I went to hide 'em, where I was ſure he cou'd never find 'em.

Criſ. I thought indeed, you could not have the heart to ſee a man who loves you as I do, ſo barbarouſly diſmembred; and therefore I lay ſtill.

Bea. Well, ſtay here a while; I'll run and give *Angelica* the Letter, and return inſtantly.

Criſ. I beg your pardon, I'll ſtay no longer in this room.

Beat. Why ſo?

Criſ. The very thought of that damn'd Inciſion Knife puts me into a cold ſweat? I'll ſtay for you in the ſtreet.

Beat. Away, you ſot.

Criſ. I had rather be a Sot than an Anatomy, I will not have my Fleſh ſcrap'd from my Bones. I will not be hung up for a Skeleton in Barber-Surgeons-Hall.

Beat. Stay but a little.

Criſ. Yes in the ſtreet. There I ſhall not be in danger of your damn'd Amputation Knife, and your Diſmembring Saw, with a pox to him.

Beat. Alas! poor *Criſpin.*

Criſ. Fear makes me think every thing I ſee an Inſtrument to rip me up, from the Syſtole to the Dyaſtole.

Beat. He had a mind to be acquainted with your inſide, *Criſpin.*

Criſ. The Devil pick his Bones for't. I ſhall never recover my ſelf till I get out of this curſed place. [*Knocking again*] Ah! The Spirit's come again! Open the door, I'll ruſh out like a Lyon.

Bea. Have a care, or you'll ſpoil all.

Criſ. If the Dr catches me here, he will ſpoil all. Amputation and Inciſion will ſpoil all.

Bea. Come, lay your ſelf upon the Table quickly; he has no Inſtruments.

Criſ. Not I; for ought I know, he may have ſome about him, his Pockets may be fill'd with Knifes, Pins, Threads, Saws, and the Devil and all.

Bea. Well thought on: Here hangs my Maſter's Gown and Cap, you ſhall ſtrait put 'em on, and tell him you are a Phyſician, juſt come from the Univerſity, and underſtanding a dead Body was to be diſſected by him, came to hear his Lecture.

Criſ. Where is the dead Body, fool?

Bea. I'll tell him, 'tis carried into the Vault, as he commanded.

Criſ. Give me the Robes then: I'de rather act the Dr than the dead Body. So, now I hope I need not fear his peeping into my *Os Pubis*, with a pox to him. *Puts on the Gown.*

Bea. But if he ſhould find out your ignorance!

Criſp. I'll venture that; the World bely's 'em, or there are

are many great Phyſitians, as great Fools as my ſelf. I have good natural Parts, *Beatrice*, if they ſcape but Inciſion and Amputation.

Bea. So; now I'le let him in.

Enter a Waiting Woman.

Wait. Is Mr Dr within?

Bea. No.

Wait. Why do you deny him to me? There he is.

Criſ. Well, what's your buſineſs with me, Miſtreſs! Speak.

Wait. My Lady has loſt her litele Lap-dog, which ſhe lov'd better than any Relation in the World. She lays the fault on me, and grieves and takes on as if 'twere her only Child. I fear ſhe'll grow Diſtracted if we find it not. Now, Sir, knowing that you are not only a learned Phyſitian, but that you underſtand Aſtrology and the like —

Criſ. Ay, ay, I underſtand one, as well as the other.

Wait. Therefore, Sir, I bring you a Fee, and deſire you to tell me ſome tidings of him.

Criſ. Have you brought the Dogs Water with you?

Wait. His Water? the Dog's loſt, Sir.

Criſ. Loſt —— why — ay, what then?

Bea. The Raſcal ſtumbles confoundedly--- You do not mind, Sir, the Dog is not ſick, he is loſt.

Criſ. O ho — loſt? how long ſince was he loſt?

Wait. Two days ago.

Criſ. At what hour?

Wait. At eleven in the morning.

Criſ. What colour?

Wait. Black and White.

Criſ. Enough, enough.

Wait. Well, he's a rare Man, if he can tell me where to find the Dog.

Bea. Never doubt him; he will do it certainly.

Criſ. You ſay 'tis two days ſince?

Wait. Yes, Sir.

Criſ. About eleven a clock?

Wait. Yes.

Criſ. Black and White?

Wait. Very right, Sir.

Criſp. Beatrice, what's in that Box there in your hand?

Beat. Some Pills my Maſter gave me to lay up.

Criſ

Criſ. O ho! Some Pills? Give me the Box.

Bea. To what purpoſe?

Criſ. Hold your peace; here, take theſe Pill.

Wait. For what, an't pleaſe your Worſhip?

Criſ. Your Lady's Dog is loſt.

Wait. Yes, Sir.

Criſ. And you would find him again?

Wait. With all my heart.

Criſ. Take theſe Pills then.

Wait. Will theſe Pills make me find the Dog again?

Criſ. Yes, they will make you find him; for they're of a very ſearching nature. There I was witty, *Beatrice.*

Wait. But, Sir——

Criſ. Go, do as I bid you.

Wait. Here are juſt five, Sir, muſt I take 'em all?

Criſ. Yes, all five, and all at once.

Wait. There is your Fee, Sir, if theſe Pills help us to the Dog again, you'll have my Lady, and the whole Family for your Patients: and ſo your Servant, Sir. *Ex. Wait.*

Bea. Ha *Criſpin*! Is not this better than being a dead Body. You no ſooner Commenc'd Doctor, but you got a Doctor's Fee. [*She ſhuts the Door.*

Criſ. Two new Crown-pieces; 'tis a brave Trade indeed: Here a man gets his Money eaſily.

Beat. I could not chuſe but ſmile to hear your ignorance O ſilly! The Dog's Water? And what would you have done, but for my Box of Pills? Give Pills to find a Dog? Ha, Ha!

Criſ. What would you have a man do, who can neither write nor read? Come let me diſrobe my ſelf; I'll wait for you in the ſtreet. [*Knocking.*

Bea. Hark, ſome body knocks again.

Criſ. O Lord! If this ſhould be the Dr?

Bea. There's no remedy? You muſt brazen it out.

Enter Simon.

Sim. Is Mr Doctor within?

Bea. What's your buſineſs?

Sim. I'de ſpeak with him.

Bea. From whom?

Sim. Why from my zelf.

Bea. Why do you know him, friend?

Sim. I come to ask him one Queſtion, and you ask me a ſcore.

Bea.

Bea. He's not at home to every Body; therefore I muſt know.

Sim. Then I neither know him, nor he me. I pray is he at home to receive Money? I bring a Fee.

Criſ. Who are you Friend?

Sim. Why they call me at our Town, *Simon* the infant; but my name is *Simon Burly.*

Criſ. Well, what's your buſineſs? quick.

Sim. I am told you're an Aſtrologer, as well as Dr.

Criſ. What then?

Sim. Why then, I queſtion you, an't pleaſe ye, whether *Ailce Draper*, a young Maid in our Town, that I love, has that love for me again as ſhe pretends to have. Becauſe there is an arch Attorney's Clark, that is often in her Company, and I don't know ——

Criſ. Hold, what kind of Woman is ſhe?

Sim. Why, ſhe is a ſprightly, cleaver, well built Wench, with a fine featly Face, brown Hair, and a ruddy Complection; a good crummy Laſs, and treads well on her Paſtons.

Criſ. Sprightly, proper, well built, featly Face, brown Hair, ruddy Complection'd; a crummy Laſs, and treads well on her Paſtons.

Sim. Ay marry does ſhe.

Criſ. Here, take theſe Pills.

Sim. Pills?

Criſ. Yes, take 'em.

Sim. How, Pills?

Criſ. Yes of Pills. You muſt take the number Ten, becauſe of your great Bulk.

Sim. I have taken Pills to purge with-all; but, Wounds can they ——

Criſ. Go to I ſay; they'll purge the Head, and clear the underſtanding wonderfully. Ours is a Science you know nothing of.

Beat. Tell him they are Cephalick Pills. *Bea. whiſpers him.*

Criſ. Ay, ay; Theſe are Cephalick Pills. But that is Heathen *Greek* to you: If you underſtood *Latin*, I could talk to the purpoſe to ye.

Sim. I am a piece of a Scollard I muſt tell you:

Intelligo, Domine, Linguam Latinam.

Criſ. Poh, poh, I know that; but that's Out-Landiſh *Latin.* There's ſeveral ſorts of *Latin*: There's Law-*Latin*, Prieſts *Latin*, and Doctor's-*Latin*; as for example: *Olo Purgatum, Phyſicum, Vomit — um — guts — out — um* — and ſo forth. Our *Latin* is quite another thing from School *Latin.*

Sim. I think it may be ſo?

Criſ. Go, do as I bid ye.

Sim. I had beſt give you your Fee firſt.

Criſ. I, I, that's well conſider'd.

Sim. Pills — —

Criſ. Ay, Pills.

Sim. Ten Pills.

Criſ. Juſt ten: Diſpatch — away,

Sim. If theſe ſhould do the buſineſs —

Criſ. I underſtand you; I ſhall have more of your cuſtom then; go, go, farewel —

Sim. Theſe knowing Men, your Lawyers, and Phyſitians, when they have once finger'd the Money, are ſo haſty to be rid of a man, they'll not give one word into the bargain: Good day to ye, Sir.

Criſ. The like to to you, Friend. [*Ex. Sim.*

Two Crowns and half a Guinea got already; this is a gainful and no painful Trade.

Bea. Learned Mr Dr, I muſt have ſnacks.

Criſ. And ſo thou ſhalt; there's my laſt Fee for thee. you cannot ſay but I deal nobly by you.

Bea. ——Thank you; this will buy Pins.

Criſ. —— Hark! [*Knocking.*

Bea. There's more Fees coming.

Criſ. My heart miſgives me. Ah, what will become of me! it is the Devil himſelf.

Enter Doctor.

Dr. Have you done every thing as I order'd, *Beatrice?*

Bea. Yes, Sir, the Body's carried into the Vault. Juſt before you came in this Gentleman, ſome Dr, I ſuppoſe of your acquaintance; I preſume he intends to be preſent at your Anatomy Lecture.

Dr. Sir, tho I have not the honour yet to know you, you are very welcom, Sir. I ſhall not begin my diſſecton till to morrow morning; then if you pleaſe to honour me with your preſence, you may, perhaps, hear ſomething that is curious, and out of the common Road.

Criſ.

Criſ. I have heard much, Sir, of your great Abilities, and ſhall not fail you; for your reputation, Mr Dr, is a reputation---that-- as I may ſay---or as---in fine, Sir, I will not fail to wait on you ——

Bea. Sir, if you pleaſe to retire out of this Room ——

Dr. By and by —I have not done with the Dr yet.

Dr. Pray, Sir, let me conſult with you a little, about the caſe of a ſick perſon, who is my Patient now.

Criſ. Do me the honour to excuſe me now; I have buſineſs of mighty conſequence, that requires my departure inſtantly,---but to morrow, Mr Dr ——

Dr. Stay a little, I'le give you his Caſe in two words. You muſt know, my Patient, Sir, has labour'd many months firſt under a Tertian, then under a Quartan, and now 'tis turn'd to a Quotidian: The Fever we have pretty well abated, yet after all,--beſides a great diſpoſition he has to ſleep, which very much fatigues him,---that which he ſpits from him, is very white---now, Sir, in my judgment that's an ill ſymptom, for a *Pituita alba aqua inter cutem ſupervenit*, ſays *Hipocrates*, and this you know well enough, the *Greeks* call *Leucophelgmatcia*--ſo then according to *Hipocrates*, this white ſpitting, or *Pituita alba* is an evident ſign, that the Hydropſie, or Dropſie will ſucceed. Now, Sir, what ſay you is the moſt ſoveraign Remedy to be given in this Caſe to hinder this evil conſequence?

Criſ. Why, Sir, I muſt tell you——but to what purpoſe? you have no need of my opinion, you are a man famous for underſtanding——ſo that ——and as it were——in fine, I will not ſpeak one word more to this purpoſe.

Dr. Pray, Sir, ſpeak freely; I ſhall be proud to have your opinion of this caſe.

Criſ. No matter, Sir, for my opinion; for tho I know enough--and all that--yet I had rather ——

Dr. I act openly, Sir, I am not like ſome Phyſitians that I know, ſo fond of my own opinion, Sir, that rather than conſult with other Doctors, they'll let a Patient dye under their hands; therefore ſpeak freely, I am prepar'd to give you my attention.

Criſ. Why then, Sir, in this ſort of Malady, I do not know but that ——or when ——or as it may be very near this Caſe —or ſo, Sir ——

Dr. Humh ——

Criſ. What think you of--a--doſe of Pills?

Dr. How! Pills, Sir? that would ruin all we have done.

Criſ. O you miſtake me, Sir, I don't adviſe you, Sir, to give him Pills. I only mention'd, Sir, a doſe of Pills which I had took my ſelf this morning, Sir, which have not yet done working, and force me to leave you ſomething abruptly, Sir.

Dr. Pray let me know your Lodging e're you go. I ſhall be glad of the honour of your acquaintance--and ——

Criſ. I am grip'd moſt damnably ——

Enter Wife, Angelica, and Beatrice.

Beat. Quickly, Madam, or he'll be diſcover'd.

Wife. Enough —— O Husband —— Husband, come away, have a care —— have a care ——

Dr. Of what Wife? ——

Wife. Turn that ill look'd fellow out of Doors —— away with him —— let him not ſpeak a word.

Criſ. Madam ——

Wife. Away with him ——

Criſ. Madam —— Madam ——

Wife. Away with him, away with him, away with him ——

Criſ. Madam —— Madam —— Madam —— Madam —— Madam ——

Beatrice and Angelica thruſt out Criſpin. He turning round is forced quite to the Door. [*Exit.*

Wife. Ah, dear Husband, you muſt excuſe me for intruding ſo haſtily ——

Dr. What was the matter, Wife?

Wife. Did you know this Gentleman.

Dr. I ſuppoſe him to be ſome young Callow Dr juſt wander'd from his Neſt, the Univerſity.

Wife. No, no, he's a High *German* Doctor —— a Great Negromancer, a Conjurer, one that deals in the black Art, and raiſes Spirits ——

Dr. How do you know? ——

Wife. Some of our Neighbours that ſaw him come in at the back Door —— came privately and told me ſo —— and bid me have a care of him. —— I was frighted almoſt out of my Wits —— and ſhan't come to my ſelf agood while ——

Dr.

Dr. Oh Wife, fear nothing, 'tis but ſilly peoples talk.

Wife. Indeed I am much frighted——

Dr. Come, come, divert your ſelf, and think no more on't.

VVife. Ay, well thought on——*Beatrice* are the performers ready to go on with their Muſical Entertainment.

Beat. Yes, Madam, they ſtay but for your coming.

VV. Come then we'll go in; Husband you ſhall ſtay and ſit with me—— Muſick has a ſtrange influence o're me, that will bring me to my ſelf agen.

Dr. I will Wife?—— [*Dr. VVife. Ang. Exeunt.*

VVife. Daughter, come you along with us.

Enter Criſpin peeping in.

Criſ. Beatrice are they gone——

Beat. What makes you here—— I thought I had thruſt you out of doors.

Criſ. You did ſo——but wondering what you all meant, I ſlip in agen——to liſten——

Beat. It was my contrivance to bring you off, you Blockhead, you had been diſcovered elſe——

Criſ. This was better however, than Inciſion, Diſſection, and Amputation. Therefore now I'le be gone in earneſt.
I fairly have eſcap'd all theſe diſaſters,
And wou'd not run the Riſque again for twenty Maſters,

Beat. Faint-hearted, *Criſpin*!
In ſpight of all ill luck in Love's Hiſt'ries,
I'de venture Limb and Life to ſerve my Miſtreſs.

Here comes in the third Muſical Entertainment.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Old Gerald.

I Am reſolv'd to bribe *Beatrice*, and make her of my party; ſhe is a notable young witty Wench, and governs her young Miſtreſs as ſhe pleaſes; the Devil's in her if ſhe's Money proof. I ſee her coming forth.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice, Beatrice, a word with you.

Beat. To me, Sir, do you ſpeak?

O. Ger. Yes, yes, to you, my pretty, little, witty, ſmiling Rogue; hold up your head, here's Money for you; ha!

Beat. Two pieces of Broad Gold? What is this for, Sir?

O. G. One for thy good Will, and one for thy good Word.

Bea. As how, Sir, I beſeech you?

O. G. Promiſe me one thing, I will make 'em ten, make 'em ten preſently; and if you ſucceed afterward, a hundred.

Bea. I marry, Sir, you ſpeak now to the purpoſe?

O. G. You know I have obtain'd the Doctor's promiſe, to marry his Daughter, fair *Angelica*.

Bea. You have, Sir.

O. G. Her Mother refuſes her conſent to it.

Bea. She does ſo.

O. G. Now Child, if you could get for me the young Lady's conſent——

Bea. To marry, Sir?

O. G. Ay, ay, to marry her.

Bea. Is that all? Come, Sir, ſhe may look further, and fare worſe——

O. G That's well ſaid; there's another piece for that.

Bea. I thank you, Sir.

O. G I know you rule her as you pleaſe.

Bea. Some times ſhe hearkens to me.

O. G. Now if you will commend me to her often——

Beat.

Bea. As how, Sir?

O. G. As thus. By telling her how rich I am, and that I love her ſo, I can deny her nothing. 'Tis true, I have a Son, an only Son, but him I have remov'd, on purpoſe to make way for her.

Bea. That was wiſely done, Sir.

O. G Ay, was it not? Tell her all Happineſs conſiſts in wealth, that ſhe may make me ſettle almoſt all I have on her, and the Children I ſhall have by her.

Bea. And do you think you ſhall have Children by her?

O. G. Why not? I am hale, and very luſty, *Beatrice.* Well, if thou doſt this for me, beſides a hundred pounds I'le give thee on the day I Marry her, I le get thee with Child too, give the a good Portion, and Marry thee to an honeſt Shop-keeper.

Bea. Fye, fye; you offer me too much in conſcience, Sir; but for my young Miſtreſs, Sir——

O. G. Ay; am I ſure of thy aſſiſtance there?

Bea. Yes, Sir, I le do my weak endeavour for you; I'le begin preſently; I'le ſet you forth with commendations, Sir.

O. G. How, how my pretty Rogue?

Bea. Why thus, Sir — if I may be ſo bold to adviſe you, Madam, take Mr *Gerald*, let him be your Husband—— ſays ſhe preſently, which Mr *Gerald* meaneſt thou? O Madam, ſay I, the Father certainly; the Son's a young extravagant, idle fellow; his Father means to diſinherit him, unleſs he mends his manners.

O. G. And ſo I do; that of my Son was well put in. Go on.

Bea. O but he's old, ſhe cries—true Madam, ſay I, but then he's rich too, very rich; when e're he dies, he'll leave you wealth enough to make you a Lady.

O. G. That ſhe may be before, if ſhe pleaſes me.

Bea. I'le tell her ſo: But ſhe may ſay, old men are croſs and peeviſh—no, ſay I, he's mild, and humble, a fine, ſweet temper'd Gentleman, he'll doat upon you, he'll never make you jealous, he will not run after other Women, as all young fellows do.

O. G. That was well thought on.

Bea. O Madam, you know not what a fine thing it is to be an old Man's darling.

O. G. Good agen.

Bea. Says ſhe, his Teeth are naught——O but his Breath is ſweet——his Eyes, ſays ſh ; are ſunk——O but, ſay I, he ſees without Spectacles——ſays ſhe——he's an old muſty fuſty ſtinking——

O. G. Enough, enough. When ſhall I ſee her, *Beatrice* ?

Bea. This very afternoon, you cannot have a fitter opportunity, you know the Dr, is much abroad, my old Miſtreſs will be abſent too. If you'll be walking about four a clock, near our back Door, I'le let you privately into the Anatomy Room, there ſhe ſhall meet you, Sir.

O. G. Hold up thy hand, I'le make the three broad pieces ten. There, will theſe incourage thee ?

Bea. You are a wiſe Client, Sir, you will not ſtarve a good Cauſe, I ſee.

O. G. I ſcorn it, *Beatrice.*

Bea. One thing I muſt adviſe you, Sir; be vigorous, preſs your ſuit home to her: for I muſt tell you, there's a young, debauch'd lew'd fellow, juſt ſuch another as your own Son is, who haunts her every where, makes violent love to her, watches all opportunities to ſpeak to her, is always making Preſents, ſending Letters to her: I'le watch him narrowly, I'le ſpoil his ſport; I'le manage Mr *Gerald's* Cauſe ſo well, if I get not my young Miſtreſs for him, I'le forfeit my Maidenhead.

O. G. Come hither ; I muſt kiſs thee ; I will kiſs thee, thou art a pretty, witty, merry Rogue, and I'le — provide for thee.

Bea. Farewel, Sir, remember four a clock, if you brought ſome Jewels, with you, Necklaces, Rings, and Bracelets. only to ſhew her, Sir, young Girls, you know are mightily taken with ſuch fine things.

O. G. I'le do't, my Girl ; I'le do't. I'le home and pick out of my Cabinet the beſt of all my Pawns, and bring 'em to her. But firſt I'le be ſpruc'd up ; I will be ſhav'd and waſh'd, and perfum'd too ; put on a clean Band, and my beſt Bob-wig, my new Hat, and put a clean Handerchief in my Pocket, and then——at four a clock——ay that's the hour. [*Ex. O. G.*

Bea. Madam, come forth —— he's gone.

Enter Angelica.

Now, Madam, let us laugh while our ſides ake. What would

would this old, ſtinking, fumbling fool, do with a ſweet young Wife? When once love gets into an old man's head, it teaches him as many tricks, as a dancing Dog.

Ang. They ſay he's very covetous: How did you get that money out of him?

Bea. I tickled the old Trout in the right place; ſee, Madam, here are the merry Spankers, I'le warrant you, I'le do his buſineſs for him.

Ang. You have engag'd me, *Beatrice*; inſtruct me how I ſhall come off with him.

Bea. Trouble not your ſelf about it, leave that to my management: I muſt go and find young Mr. *Gerald* out, and *Criſpin* too, they muſt help to carry on the work. You ſhall have nothing to do, but to laugh at his folly, and applaud our contrivance.

Ang. I'le in, and expect th' event. *Ex. Severally*

Enter Young Gerald, and Criſpin.

Criſ. Well, Sir, what think you now of my Adventures?

Y. G. Why truly, they were extraordinary.

Criſ. A dead man——a Doctor——an Aſtrologer.

Y. Ger. You made your way thro many difficulties, but for my ſake, you muſt once more go to the Doctor's Houſe.

Criſ. Who, I, Sir?

Y. Ger. Yes.

Criſ. I beg your pardon. What to be diſſected, carv'd artificially Limb after Limb. No, Sir, I'le have no more Diſſection, Amputation, nor Inciſion. You may go, and venture your ſelf, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Y. G. Should I go, and be ſeen there by the Doctor, I ruine our deſign, and loſe my Miſtreſs; he'll tell my Father that I am in Town. You run no hazard, for he knows not you.

Criſ. No hazard! call you it, I hazard my Legs, Arms, Veins, Arteries, and Muſcles; and in the Doctor's gibberiſh, I hazard Inciſion, Diſſection, Amputation, and Circulation, thro the Syſtole and Diaſtole. Why, Sir, in ſuch a caſe, a Phyſitian cuts up a man with as little remorſe, as a Hangman carves a Traytor.

Y. G. For all that, you muſt venture your pretious ſelf once more. When I get my Miſtreſs, I'le make thee ample ſatisfaction.

Criſ. Well, if I muſt, I muſt. I ſaw a Phyſitians Gown and Cap, hang up at a Broakers Shop, hard by, to be ſold. Buy 'em, or hire 'em for me: I had rather appear before him, in the ſhape of a Doctor, than a dead Man. That habit, Pills, and impudence brought me off then, I'le think of ſome other remedy now.

Y. G. While I ſecure the Habit, ſtep to my Father's and ſecure the Money.

Criſ. I will, but firſt, Sir, tell me what is *Latin*, for I am a Doctor.

Y. G. Medicus Sum.

Criſ. Medicus ſum, Medicus ſum.

Y. G. You have it right.

Criſ. Very well, *Medicus ſum.* Go about your buſineſs, I'le about mine. *Medicus ſum, Medicus ſum.* *Ex. Y. G.* Well, 'tis a fine thing to underſtand *Latin*; I muſt be ſure not to forget *Medicus ſum.* Now I'le to the old man: Ho! talk of the Devil and his Horns appear.

Enter old Gerald, and Martin.

O. Y. O *Criſpin*! where's your Maſter? tell me true.

Criſ. Where ſhould he be? at the Univerſity.

O. G. Ay, he ſhould be at the Univerſity — but where is he, ha?

Criſ. I warrant in his Chamber, hard at ſtudy: or elſe in the Schools chopping Logick. Pleaſe you to give me the Money, Sir, that I may return to him with ſpeed.

Mar. Give you the Money? ha, ha, ha.

Criſ. What do you ſneer at? ha.

Mar. Money! who's the fool then?

Criſ. Meddle with your own buſineſs, Sirrah, or I'le give you a douce o' the chaps——

O. G. Be quiet, Knave.

Criſ. A Jack — an Apes — to interrupt me ———

O. G. Have done, I ſay——how does you Maſter ſpend his time there?

Criſ. He ſtudies all the morning. After dinner ſtudies again, after Supper, he walks out and talks with the Students, and then they jabber *Latin* like the Devil. The beſt on't Sir, they'll diſpute and wrangle ſo long, till they are almoſt choak'd with hard words. Then they go very lovingly together, and drink a chirping Cup, or two, and then to their Chambers in good time.

O. G.

O. G. 'Tis very well: But ſeveral of my acquaintance tell me, they have ſeen him here, here in this Town.

Criſ. O abominable!

O. G. Sirrah, confeſs the truth, is he in Town?

Criſ. Medicus ſum —— he is not here indeed, Sir.

O. G. Deny it not, I know it.

Criſ. He is not here indeed, Sir.

Mar. He equivocates —— here? No, he is not here.

O. G. But, Slave, he is Town.

Criſ. No.

O. G. I lye then, do I?

Criſ. Medicus ſum.

O. G. What's that you mutter, Raſcal?

Criſ. A word I learn'd at the Univerſity. *Medicus ſum*; that is, I am a Doctor.

Mar. Yes, of the lying faculty.

Criſ. Sirrah, if I had you in another place, I would——

Mar. What would you do?

Criſ. I would diſſect you, Raſcal, run my Fiſt thro your Syſtole, and Diaſtole.

O. G. What gibberiſh is this?

Mar. You Thin-Gut.

Criſ. Yes, impudence, If I had you under my clutches, I would make you feel Diſſection, Inciſion, Amputation, ay and Circulation too.

Mar. Come and you dare, let's ſee what you can do.

O. G. Sawcy Knaves, forbear.

They offer to fight, O. G. holds his Cane betwixt 'em.

Criſ. Sirrah, I'le rip up your Belly, from the Cartilage Ziphode, to the Os pubis, you dog.

O. G. The fellow's mad ——be quiet or I'le cudgel both of you. Well, *Criſpin*, ſince your Maſter's not in Town, return you to the Univerſity, tell him, next week I'le ſend the Money to him by the Carrier.

Criſ. But, Sir ——

O. G. One word more, and my Cane ſhall fly about your Ears.

Criſ. Well, I know what I know.

O. G. What do you know?

Criſ. That I'le be reveng'd of that audacious Villain.

O. G. For what you, Raſcal?

Criſ. Pray, Sir, what will you beat me for?

O. G. For a lying Rogue.

Criſ. And I would maul him becauſe he's a *Fac-totum*, and ſets you againſt my young Maſter and me.

O. G. Sirrah, Sirrah, I could find in my heart ——

Criſ. Ay, ſtrike if you think good.

O. G. Say you ſo; there's for you then.

Ger. *ſtrikes at* Criſ. *he ducks:* Ger. *miſſes his blow, and falls.* Criſ. *gives* Mar. *a Cuff and a Trip, throws him down, and runs off ſaying,* Medicus ſum.

Mar. Son of a Whore, he has lam'd me.

O. Ger. Help me up, good *Martin.*

Mar. Oh! oh! I want help my ſelf, Sir. The Rogue has broke my Crupper.

O. Ger. The Villain has rumbled my clean Band too.

Mar. If ever I light on him ——

O. Ger. Be patient, *Martin.*

Mar. I muſt, whether I will or no.

O. Ger. Go home, *Martin*; I have buſineſs another way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Gerald *and* Criſpin: Ger. *helping* Criſ. *to put on his Gown.*

Y. Ger. So, now your Worſhip's fitted.

Criſ. Then you met, *Beatrice*, Sir.

Y. Ger. I did; there's work enough cut out for you, rub up your memory, you'll have occaſion to make uſe of all the Jargon you can think on.

Criſ. Thoſe damn'd heatheniſh names will never out of my memory.

Y. Ger. I ſee my Father coming; he's running like a Wood-cock into the ſnare.

Criſ. I care not if he meet me now; I'le outface him. *Medicus ſum, non ſum Dogus, non ſum Rogus, Medicus ſum.*

Y. G. Come this way, that I may inform you fully of our deſign; the time is ſhort.

Criſ. Hold, Sir, degrade me not, the Gown muſt have precedency, and take the upper hand too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Old Gerald.

O. G. This is the hour, 'tis juſt 4 by my Watch; if *Beatrice* prevails, I am made for ever.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. O, Sir, are you come? I have been peeping for you at the Window, a whole half hour.

O. G.

O. G. Is the Coaſt clear? Where's my *Angelica*.

Bea. No queſtions, but come in. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Gerald, and Criſpin.

Y. G. So, ſo, he's caught, run to the fore dore, when you hear me Thunder at this ——

Criſ. I'le beat an alarm at that —— I have my cue. *Ex.*

Enter Old Gerald, and Beatrice.

Bea. I choſe this Room on purpoſe for your meeting. Here are two doors you ſee; if my Maſter or Miſtreſs come to one, I can ſlip you out at the other.

O. G. 'Twas wiſely done.

Bea. I ſee her coming; make good uſe of your time.

O. G. I warrant you. I have brought ſomething to ſhew her, will ſparkle like her Eyes.

Enter Angelica. The Door claps after her.

Ang. O *Beatrice*! What ſhall we do? The Door unluckily lock'd, the Key is on the other ſide too.

Beat. That's the miſchief of all Spring Locks: There's no remedy now. Look here, Madam, here's Mr *Gerald* come to kiſs your hands.

O. Ger. With your favour, Madam —— *Salutes her.*

Ang. I vow I am aſham'd to ſee you, Sir.

O. G. Young Maids, I know are baſhful; but when you are married, a loving Husband will teach you confidence.

Ang. O *Beatrice*! if my Mother ſhould find me here——

Beat Fear nothing, Madam; this door is faſt; I'le lock the fore dore preſently.

Ang. Well, Mr *Gerald*, you ſee my Maid has prevail'd with me: She gives you great commendations too.

O. G. Ay, my ſweet; I'le make 'em all good, I warrant you.

Ang. I am young, and ſome ſay I am handſom too; I doubt not you'll love me: But, Mr *Gerald*, what reaſon is there for me to love a man in years, as you are?

O. G. I have many reaſons for your Ear, more for your Eyes. Look here, my Queen, look here, my *Cleopatra*? Here's a Necklace of Pearl worth above 500 pounds; it will become that ſoft white Neck moſt rarely. Then here's a ſet of Bodkins for your hair, coſt fourſcore pounds: Ah how they ſparkle like your pretty Eyes: Then here's a Croceat of Diamonds coſt 300, an Ambroſie, worth above 400 more. How like an Angel you will look, when this is ſet under thoſe white panting Bubbies!

Ang. Indeed they're very fine, and very large.

O. G. Here are two Diamond Rings, one with 3 Stones beſides the Sparks; and this has 5, one coſt 50 pounds, the other above fourſcore. Then here are Diamond Bracelets for your Arms. But here, my Jewel, here's the rarety, the Phœnix of 'em all. This Ring here with one Stone, 'tis a Diamond of the old firſt Water. I have refus'd, my Child, above four hundred pounds for this one ſingle ſtone.

Ang. 'Tis beautiful indeed!

Bea. Did not I tell you, Madam ——

O. G. And then for Plate, old, and new faſhion'd too, plain, gilt, and wrought; I have a Cedar Cheſt full.

Bea. What young man could make you ſuch fine Preſents?

O. G All, all ſhall be yours, my little Mouſe, my Pigeon.

Ang. O Heaven! ſome body knocks.

Bea. I'le peep thro the Key-hole: O Madam, 'tis my Maſter and my Miſtreſs.

O. G. Let me out at this door quickly.

Bea. Ah, the Key's broke in the Lock! undone, undone for ever.

Ang. I am ruin'd if my Mother finds me here.

Bea. Ah, Madam! What will become of me.

Ang. For Heaven's ſake hide your ſelf, do Mr *Gerald*, I'le love you dearly for it.

O. G. How? Where? I'le do any thing my dear will have me.

Bea. Here's the Coffin the dead body was ſent in from the Gallows, you may hide your ſelf in that.

Ang. Ay do, Mr *Gerald*, do.

O. G. How! Coffin me before I am dead, I beg your pardon; I can't endure the thought on't.

Bea. Then ſtrip your ſelf to your Waſtcoat, and your Drawers, and lye at your length, here on this Table, I'le tell my Maſter you're the dead body, ſent in to be diſſected.

Ang. Quickly, Mr *Gerald*, if you love me deny me not

Knocking all this while.

O. G. Come then, I'le do any thing my Dear Commands me.

Ang. Hark how they knock; I fear they'll break the door down.

Within. Ho! *Beatrice, Beatrice.*

Bea. Make haſte, or we're undone.

They ſtrip him.

Within.

Within. Open the door! Why *Beatrice*, where are

Bea. So, ſo; what e're they ſay or do, be ſure you ſtir not for your life.

O. G. Where will you hide my Cloaths?

Bea. Here, here, I'le put them and my young Miſtreſs into the Coffin. *Knock again.* I am coming preſently.

O. G. So, ſo; I am dead as a Herring.

Bea. What ever happens, Sir, be not afraid. Come in.

Enter Criſpin like a Doctor Young Ger diſguis'd like his man.

I thought I heard my Maſter and my Miſtreſs.

Criſ. They come here preſently; but where, where be the dead Carcaſs for diſſection?

Bea. Here, Sir.

Criſ. Ver — good — Mr Doctor, ſend me to begind *manuel operation* upon *de exterior*, an den he will come hear me read upon *de interior* ——

Bea. Are you the *German* Doctor, that wase her this morning with my Maſter?

Criſ. Yes, de-ver--ſame, me am de *German* Doctor, *de Medicine, de Phyſitien, de Operateur, de Anatomiſt, de Chymiſt, de--*

Bea. Very well, Sir, have you any ſervice for me?

Crſ. Stay one little time. Dis be de Body, let me make de obſervation of the Viſage — here be de ver ill aſpect — dis was one parſon of de fair Speech, but de fals Heart; covetous, deſigning, letcherous; a Robber, a Thief, a Cut-throat —— Sacrament, hanging was too good for him, a Rogue, a Villain —— ah vat pleaſure will dis be to make de Diſſection, de Inciſion, and de Amputation, upon dis Body, and rip open his Belly from de Cartilage Ziphode, quite along to his Os-pubis. Ah! vat be dis? his Heart pant ſtill —— dis was the ſtubborn old Thief, was but Mr Doctor here, juſt a now, I would ſhew him de Circulation of de Blood, thro de Syſtole, and Diaſtole. Come I'le begin de Diſſection while de body be warm.

Bea. What before my Maſter comes?

Criſ. Yes indeed, dis be only de Manuel Operation, me vil read de Lecture ven he be here: vare be my man, vare be de Inſtruments? *Y. G.* Here, Sir, here.

Bea. Bleſs me! what's that great Knife for?

Criſ. Dis be to cut de Troat, from Jugular to Jugular; as thus.

Bea. Hold Sir, I beſeech you. Fear nothing, Mr *Gerald.* [*aſide*

Criſ.

Criſ. You ſhall ſee preſently.

Bea. 'Tis juſt like one of our Butchers Knives: and then what is that Ax for?

Criſ. Dis be de decolation Ax, to cut off de head at one Chop; as thus ——

Bea. Not yet Sir: What's that there like a Wimble?

Criſ. Dat be to bore a hole in de Scull; when any part of de Scull be broke, and depreſs'd upon de Brain, with dis we bore hole hard by de fracture, as you ſhall ſee juſt-a-now.

Bea. No Sir, not now; I'll ſee't anon.

Criſ. Den we put in de proper Inſtrument, and raiſe de depreſſure up to de proper place, and ſo make de cure.

Bea. But what is this terrible Saw for?

Criſ. Dat be de diſmembring Saw, to Saw off de Leg, or de Arm: You ſee me preſentale Saw off de Bone of dis Leg, and ——

Bea. Stay Sir; What's that ſharp crooked Knife for?

Criſ. Dis be de Amputation Knife, to cut off de Leg or de Hand, juſt-a in de Joynt. Ha! where be de Leg and de Arm? ——

Criſpin *draws one Leg from the other, and one Arm from his Body, and* Gerald *draws 'em cloſe to him again.*

Criſ. De Devil! me lay one Arm here, and one Leg here, to Saw off juſt in the middle, and cut off juſt in de Joynt, for de fine experiment; and de Arm, and de Leg, be gone home to de Body. *Enter 2 men.*

1 *Man.* Mr Dr. we come for the Coffin we brought the dead Body in.

Criſ. Dere be de Coffin; be gone; and give me no interruption; now I open all de Breaſt. [Criſ. *tears open his Waſtcoat.* So, now with dis Inſtrument, dis [*The men carry off the Coffin.* Knife, I will in one moment cut de Breaſt-bone, from de Ribs, and lay all open, dat you ſhall ſee how de Heart, de Lungs, de Liver, lie in dair place proper, and order natural. O de Devil, agen! de Body ſhrink! de Leg move; and de Arm too: vat ſtrange Carcaſs have you in dis Country?

Bea. Oh! Sir, I have ſeen whole Bodies, after they have lain here a day or two, get up, and run away.

O. Ger. And ſo will I! I'll not ſtay to be butcher'd here. *He leaps off the Table.*

Criſ, & *Bea.* Ah, ah, ah.

O. Ger. Loſe my Cloaths, my Life, and Jewels all at once! —— Your Servant, Mr Doctor.

Criſ. Stop Thief, ſtop Thief.

As Old Gerald *is running out, and* Criſpin *after him, the Doctor and his Wife enter.* O. Gerald *runs againſt the Doctor, beats the Doctor and his Wife down, and Exit.*

Dr. O murder, murder!

Wife. Ay, murder, murder!

Enter Simon, and Waiting Woman.

Sim. Wounds! Where's this Dog of a Doctor? I'le knock the old Cheat's Brains out.

Wait. And if I can reach him, I'le claw his Eyes out.

Dr. O am bruis'd all over!

Wife. And I am lam'd too.

Wait. O are you there?

Sim. Wounds, Doctor, you have ſcour'd my Guts out, with a murrain to ye——

Wait. And I can hardly draw my Legs after me, for your Phyſick. But I'le claw you for't.

Wife. Hold, Miſtreſs, or I ſhall pluck a Crow with you.

Dr. Be patient Wife —— you are both mad. I never ſaw either of you before.

Sim. O damn'd lying Doctor! did you not give me Pills? and I gave you a whole half Guinea?

Wait. And had not I ſome of your Rot-gut Pills too, and gave you 2 new Crown-pieces?

Dr. You rave both, and muſt be ſent to *Bedlam.*

Sim. 'Sbud I'le have my money again——

Wait. And ſo will I, —— or tear his Eyes out——

Criſ. Hold friends! pray moderate your angers, and don't affront a perſon of our faculty.

Sim. Ah, ha! I was miſtaken, this is the Doctor——

Wait. I this is he gave us the Pills. I beg your pardon, Sir.

Criſ. Beatrice, you muſt refund.

Bea. There——

Criſ. Look you friends, 'twas a miſtake. There's your Half Guinea, and your Crown-pieces too.

Sim. O pox! this is ſomething. *Ex. Sim. & Wait.*

Dr. What is the meaning of all this?

Wife. Beatrice, what is the matter here?

Dr. What ſtrange out-cry was that we heard?

Wife. I, and who threw us down?

Dr. And what ſtrange thing was that ran over us?

Bea. Why, Sir, as I was ſhewing Mr Doctor here the

dead Body that was ſent you from the Gallows, he felt his pulſe, and laying his hand on his Breaſt, he found his Heart panted; then he took his Inciſion Knife, and before he could touch his naked skin, up ſtarted the dead Body, and ran away, juſt as you ſaw ——

Criſ. All this is true, Sir, as I am a Member of the learned Faculty.

Dr. I am amaz'd!

Wife. Nay Husband, I have heard of ſuch ſtrange things: I warrant the poor man was hang'd wrongfully.

Enter Old Gerald *haſtily.*

O. Ger. O undone! undone!

Wife & Bea. Ah, ah, ah!

Wife. He's come again, Husband, ha!

Dr. In the name of goodneſs! What art thou?

O. G. Undone I ſay, undone.

Dr. Art thou a Spirit? or Fleſh and Blood? anſwer.

O. G Give me my Cloaths, my Jewels, Huſwife ——

Bea. Avant, avant!

O. G. Where are they? Gipſy, ſpeak.

Bea. In the Coffin, in the Coffin.

O. G. I overtook the Coffin, and there's none of 'em. Where are they, and the Jilt too your young Miſtreſs?

Dr. Sure 'tis our Neighbour, Mr *Gerald.*

O. G. I am the ſame.

Wife. You tell me wonders, *Criſpin.*

Criſ. Step to your Daughter's Chamber, Madam; there the Riddle will eaſily be unfolded; *Exit. Wife.*

Dr. What is the matter, Sir? why in this poſture? and why this out-cry too?

O. O. That Baggage there, and the young Witch your Daughter, have contriv'd to abuſe and cheat me, of two thouſand pounds worth of Jewels, that were pawnd to me.

Dr. Here they come then, who muſt give you ſatisfaction.

Enter Wife and Young Gerald, leading in Angelica, dreſs'd in the Jewels.

O. G. How! my Son here!

Y. G. Yes, Sir, and my Wife.

Wife. I found 'em ſhut up together in my Daughter's Chamber.

Dr. Married ſay you?

Y. G. Yes, Sir, contracted long ſince; and now confirm'd in private, as far as modeſty would permit.

O. G. And Married too! then all is at an end.

Y. G. Here are your Cloaths, Sir, Doctor *Criſpin* can tell you how I came by 'em.

Dr. Criſpin!

O. G. My Rogue.

Criſ. Non Rogus; Medicus ſum; that is, I am a *German*, or a *Poliſh* Doctor.

Y. G. The Jewels, Sir, ſo well become my Wife, I think you cannot in conſcience demand 'em back.

Ang. They were his own free gift; he ſcorns to take what he has given me.

Wife. Well, I am glad the Son has married my Daughter, and wiſh Joy to you both.

Dr. Bleſs you together. Come Brother *Gerald*, 'tis your Son's Wedding Night; you muſt forgive 'em and be ſociable: Let me prevail with you to give order for a good Supper, and we'll be very merry, Brother.

O. G. I had as good, I ſhall be laught at elſe. Sirrah, here has been fine practice, and my Son's marriage was your contrivance.

Criſ. I do confeſs it, Sir, and glory in the ſucceſs.

Dr. Come then, ſit down, and liſten to the Muſick, and after Supper we'll hear at large the adventures of Doctor *Criſpin* in this Affair.

Criſ. Beatrice and I will tell you the whole Story,
And as we ſnack'd the Fees, we'll ſhare the Glory.

The Fourth and laſt Muſical Entertainment. After that, the Curtain falls.

FINIS.

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